SELECT

POEMS.

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1795.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed:

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtacy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little Tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th'

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious Truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh:

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply;
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind!

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn:

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling, as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

'The next, with dirges due in ſad array,
'Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne:
'Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone, beneath yon aged thorn.

'There ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year,
'By hands unſeen are ſhow'rs of violets found;
'The redbreaſt loves to build and warble there,
'And little footſteps lightly print the ground.'

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

ODE

ON A YOUNG LADY ATTENDING HER MOTHER.

BY MISS AIKIN.

WHEN blooming beauty, in the noon of power,
While offer'd joys demand each ſprightly hour,
With all that pomp of charms and winning mien,
Which, ſure to conquer, needs but to be ſeen;
When ſhe, whoſe name the ſofteſt love inſpires,
To the huſh'd chamber of diſeaſe retires,
To watch and weep beſide a parent's bed,
Catch the faint voice, and raiſe the languid head,
What mixt delight each feeling heart muſt warm!
An angel's office ſuits an angel's form!
Thus the tall column graceful rears its head
To prop ſome mould'ring tow'r with moſs o'erſpread,
Whoſe ſtately piles and arches yet diſplay
The venerable graces of decay:

Thus

Thus round the wither'd trunk freſh ſhoots are ſeen
To ſhade their parent with a cheerful green.
More health, dear Maid! thy ſoothing preſence brings,
Than pureſt ſkies, or ſalutary ſprings.
That voice, thoſe looks, ſuch healing virtues bear,
Thy ſweet reviving ſmiles might cheer deſpair;
On the pale lips detain the parting breath,
And bid hope bloſſom in the ſhades of death.
Beauty, like thine, could never reach a charm
So pow'rful to ſubdue, ſo ſure to warm.
On her lov'd child behold the mother gaze,
In weakneſs pleas'd, and ſmiling thro' decays,
And leaning on that breaſt her cares aſſwage;—
How ſoft a pillow for declining age!

For this, when that fair frame muſt feel decay,
(Ye fates protract it to a diſtant day!)
When thy approach no tumults ſhall impart,
Nor that commanding glance ſtrike thro' the heart;

When

When meaner beauties ſhall have leave to ſhine,
And crowds divide the homage lately thine;
Not with the tranſient praiſe thoſe charms can boaſt
Shall thy fair fame and gentle deeds be loſt:
Some pious hand ſhall thy weak limbs ſuſtain,
And pay thee back theſe generous cares again;
Thy name ſhall flouriſh, by the good approv'd,
Thy memory honour'd, and thy duſt belov'd.

ODE

ODE
TO WISDOM.
BY THE SAME.

O WISDOM! if thy ſoft controul
Can ſooth the ſickneſs of the ſoul,
Can bid the warring paſſions ceaſe,
And breathe the calm of tender peace;
Wiſdom! I bleſs thy gentle ſway,
And ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'ſt with frown auſtere
To nurſe the brood of care and fear,
To bid our ſweeteſt paſſions die,
And leave us in their room a ſigh;
Or, if thine aſpect ſtern have power
To wither each poor tranſient flower
That cheers the pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the ſprings whence hope ſhould flow;

Wiſdom,

Wiſdom, thine empire I diſclaim,
Thou empty boaſt of pompous name!
In gloomy ſhades of cloiſters dwell,
But never haunt my cheerful cell.
Hail to pleaſure's frolic train!
Hail to fancy's golden reign!
Feſtive mirth, and laughter wild,
Free and ſportful as the child!
Hope, with eager ſparkling eyes,
And eaſy faith, and fond ſurprize!
Let theſe, in fairy colours dreſt,
For ever ſhare my careleſs breaſt:
Then, tho' wiſe I may not be,
The wiſe themſelves ſhall envy me.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF COL. ROSS.

By MR. W. COLLINS.

I.

WHILE, loſt to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day;
While, ſtain'd with blood, he ſtrives to tear
Unſeemly from his ſea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May;

II.

The thoughts which muſing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raiſe,
Your faithful hours attend;
Still fancy, to herſelf unkind,
Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

III. By

III.

By rapid Scheld's deſcending wave
His country's vows ſhall bleſs the grave,
Where-e'er the youth is laid:
That ſacred ſpot the village hind
With ev'ry ſweeteſt turf ſhall bind,
And peace protect the ſhade.

IV.

O'er him, whoſe doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms ſhall ſit at eve,
And bend the penſive head!
And, fall'n to ſave his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

V.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their ſainted reſt:
And, half-reclining on his ſpear,
Each wondering Chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming gueſt.

VI.

Old EDWARD's ſons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from CRESSY's laurell'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight;
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they ſnatch the gleamy ſteel,
And wiſh th' avenging fight.

VII.

If, weak to ſooth ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy conſtant tear;
If yet in ſorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſeeſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near;

VIII.

Where-e'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill with ſocial grief
Her gentle promiſe keep:
Ev'n humble HARTING's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1745.

BY THE SAME.

How ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung:
There Honour comes, a Pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom ſhall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there!

THE GARLAND.

BY M. PRIOR.

I.

THE pride of every grove I choſe,
The violet ſweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and bluſhing roſe,
To deck my charming CHLOE's hair.

II.

At morn the Nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers leſs blooming than her face,
The ſcent leſs fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flowers ſhe wore along the day:
And every nymph and ſhepherd ſaid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undreſt at evening, when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eyes ſhe caſt.

V.

That eye dropt ſenſe diſtinct and clear,
As any Muſe's tongue could ſpeak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell;
That falling tear—what does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd; and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moraliſt ſaid:
See, friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made;

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flouriſh bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor STELLA danc'd and ſung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her ſhrowd!

X.

Such as ſhe is who died to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, DAMON, bid thy Muſe diſplay
The juſtice of thy CHLOE's ſorrow.

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HYMN.

BY MR. ADDISON.

I.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the liſtening earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round this dark terreſtrial ball!
What though nor real voice nor ſound
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found!
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

HYMN.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe:

II.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlippery paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man:

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Haſt doubled all my ſtore.

X.

Ten thouſand, thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII. When

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For, Oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker, face to face,
Oh how ſhall I appear!

II.

If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
Oh how ſhall I appear!

IV. But

IV.

But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endleſs woe prevent.

V.

Then ſee the ſorrow of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

VI.

For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon ſure.

ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON.

BY MR. TICKEL.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muſe hath ſtay'd,
And left her debt to ADDISON unpaid;
Blame not her ſilence, WARWICK, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my boſom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verſe, that real woe inſpires:
Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the diſmal night, that gave
My ſoul's beſt part for ever to the grave!
How ſilent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the manſions of the dead;
Thro' breathing ſtatues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the ſlow ſolemn knell inſpire;
The pealing organ, and the pauſing choir;

The

The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the laſt words, that duſt to duſt convey'd!
While ſpeechleſs o'er thy cloſing grave we bend,
Accept theſe tears, thou dear departed friend,
Oh! gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And ſleep in peace, next thy lov'd MONTAGU!
To ſtrew freſh laurels let the taſk be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy ſacred ſhrine;
Mine with true ſighs thy abſence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaph thy ſtone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May ſhame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a ſong,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue;
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchaſtis'd by thee.
Oft let me range the gloomy iſles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where ſpeaking marbles ſhow
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:

Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with ſcars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for ſacred freedom ſtood;
Juſt men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And ſaints, who taught, and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to theſe chambers, where the mighty reſt,
Since their foundation, came a nobler gueſt;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliſs convey'd
A fairer ſpirit, or more welcome ſhade.
In what new region, to the juſt aſſign'd,
What new employments pleaſe th' unbody'd mind?
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal ſky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering Angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill eſſay'd below?

Or doſt thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A taſk well ſuited to thy gentle mind!
Oh! if ſometimes thy ſpotleſs form deſcend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When age miſguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain diſtreſſes, or when pleaſure charms,
In ſilent whiſperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
'Till bliſs ſhall join, nor death can part us more.
That aweful form (which, ſo the heavens decree,
Muſt ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill deplor'd by me)
In nightly viſions ſeldom fails to riſe,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meet my waking eyes:
If buſineſs calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemiſh'd ſtateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſooth my care,
I meet his ſoul, which breathes in CATO there;
If penſive to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:

'Twas there of juſt and good he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong;
There patient ſhow'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſincere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whoſe brow the antique ſtructures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of WARWICK's noble race,
Why, once ſo lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the ſudden tears!
How ſweet were once thy proſpects freſh and fair,
Thy ſloping walks and unpolluted air!
How ſweet the gloom beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide ſhadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forſaken bowers reſtore;
Thy walks and airy proſpects charm no more;
No more the ſummer's in thy gloom allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day ſhade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muſe's art I found;

Reluctant

Reluctant now I touch the trembling ſtring,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to ſing;
And theſe ſad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that abſence, they attempt to mourn.
Oh! muſt I then (now freſh my boſom bleeds,
And CRAGGS in death to ADDISON ſucceeds)
The verſe, begun to one loſt friend, prolong,
And weep a ſecond in th' unfiniſh'd ſong!
Thoſe works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O CRAGGS, th' expiring ſage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he ſurviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy ſocial ſpirit flies,
And cloſe to his, how ſoon! thy coffin lies.
Bleſt pair! whoſe union future bards ſhall tell
In future tongues; each other's boaſt! farewel.
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendſhip try'd,
No chance could ſever, nor the grave divide.

THE HERMIT.

BY DR. PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Prayer all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heaven itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe—
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey;
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt.
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its watery breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow:

But

But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun;
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books or ſwains report it right
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then, with the riſing ſun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cried;
And hail, my ſon! the reverend Sire replied;

Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wandering ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the livery'd ſervants wait,
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.

Then,

Then, led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood to baniſh ſleep:
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the Landlord, none had cauſe of woe:
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger Gueſt purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſtening and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear:
So ſeem'd the Sire, when, far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.

He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk, to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſaged approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wandering pair retreat
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighbouring ſeat:
'Twas built with turrets on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.
As near the Miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew,
The nimble lightning mix'd with ſhowers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.

At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With ſtill remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cried)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon take place
In every ſettling feature of his face,
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great;
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praiſe, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him, who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread;
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave houſehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;

Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the Youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The Youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch!—But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;

Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Tho' loud at firſt the Pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous Angel broke
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke).

Thy prayer, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky;
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—thy fellow-ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims that world he made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine;
Hath, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wandering poor,

With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bleſs, if mortals will be kind:
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run!
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee in fits he ſeem'd to go;
And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;

This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage ſtood wondering as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky:
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun:
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. PARNELL.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD AND EARL MORTIMER.

BY MR. POPE.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
'Till death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts, adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in every ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe, to HARLEY dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend:
For SWIFT and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dexterous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from flattery to wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)

Recal thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy PARNELL in his living lays:
Who careleſs, now, of intereſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or, deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And ſure, if aught beneath the ſeats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine:
A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance tried,
Above all pain, all paſſion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to the ſilent ſhade:
'Tis her's, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify diſgrace;
When intereſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
When all th' obliged deſert, and all the vain,
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt lingering friend hath bid farewell.

E'en

E'en now ſhe ſhades thy evening-walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
E'en now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day,
Thro' fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

THE SPLEEN.

BY MR. MATTHEW GREEN.

THIS motley piece to you I ſend,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if diſputes ſhould happen hence,
Can beſt explain the author's ſenſe;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I ſing, ſo often feel.
The want of method pray excuſe,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muſe;
Nor, to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.
The child is genuine; you may trace
Throughout the ſire's tranſmitted face.
Nothing is ſtolen: my Muſe, tho' mean,
Draws from the ſpring ſhe finds within;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon ſells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-

School-helps I want to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treaſures lie,
And there unſeen commit a theft
On wealth, in Greek exchequers left.
Then, where? from whom? what can I ſteal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won:
They ſafely ſing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And juſtly laurel'd with renown,
Whoſe ſtamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects: of theft beware;
From Moore ſo laſh'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.
Firſt know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a treatiſe on the Spleen;
Nor to preſcribe, when nerves convulſe;
Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulſe:

If I am right, your queſtion lay,
What courſe I take to drive away
The day-mare Spleen, by whoſe falſe pleas
Men prove mere ſuicides in eaſe;
And how I do myſelf demean
In ſtormy world to live ſerene.

When by its magic-lantern Spleen
With frightful figures ſpreads life's ſcene,
And threatening proſpects urge my fears,
A ſtranger to the luck of heirs;
Reaſon, ſome quiet to reſtore,
Shews part is ſubſtance, ſhadow more;
With Spleen's dead weight tho' heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I ſink not down,
But ſwim, till Fortune throws a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always chooſe the plaineſt food
To mend viſcidity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of eaſy acceſs to the poor;

Thy

Thy help love's confeſſors implore,
And doctors ſecretly adore:
To thee I fly, by thee dilute,
Thro' veins my blood doth quicker ſhoot,
And by ſwift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never ſick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myſelf a cup too low;
And ſeldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of ſpirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and ſtir the blood;
But after no field-honours itch,
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies ſoft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's ſons, with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn:
Theſe ſee her from the duſky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,

With roral waſh redeem her face,
And prove herſelf of Titan's race;
And, mounting in looſe robes the ſkies,
Shed light and fragrance as ſhe flies:
Then horſe and hound fierce joy diſplay,
Exulting at the Hark-away,
And in purſuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robuſt field-notes reſound:
Then, as St. George the dragon ſlew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
While all their ſpirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.
To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exerciſe;
Fling but a ſtone, the giant dies;
Laugh, and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At ſome particulars let us laugh;
Witlings, briſk fools, curs'd with half ſenſe,
That ſtimulates their impotence,
Who buz in rhime, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes;
Poor authors worſhipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A ſtrict diſſenter ſaying grace,
A lecturer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to diſpenſe,
Making the paſt the future tenſe,
The popiſh dubbing of a prieſt,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythoniſſa's rage,
Great Æſculapius on his ſtage,
A miſer ſtarving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying ſpeech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual ſtate,
Two Jews diſputing tête-à-tête,

New almanacks compos'd by ſeers,
Experiments on felons ears,
Diſdainful prudes, who ceaſeleſs ply
The ſuperb muſcle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenborough Mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military ſhew,
Are ſovereign for the caſe in view.

If Spleen-fogs riſe at cloſe of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to ſome concert take my way;
The company, the ſhine of lights,
The ſcenes of humour, muſic's flights,
Adjuſt and ſet the ſoul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' griefs attention raiſe:
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe;
There, gaily comic ſcenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our ſight.

Virtue,

Virtue, in charming dreſs array'd,
Calling the paſſions to her aid,
When moral ſcenes juſt actions join,
Takes ſhape, and ſhews her face divine.
  Muſic has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does ſound's high power advance,
To muſic's pipe the paſſions dance;
Motions unwill'd its powers have ſhewn,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the ſoul to be
Nearly allied to harmony:
Her have I known, indulging grief,
And ſhunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round
Own, by neglecting ſorrow's wound,
The conſanguinity of ſound.
  In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will ſurely be too hard;

Which,

Which, like thoſe fiſh by ſailors met,
Fly higheſt, while their wings are wet.
In ſuch dull weather, ſo unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure ſky,
That's fit for ſimile, deny,
I dreſs my face with ſtudious looks,
And ſhorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I ſit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to ſome coffee-houſe I ſtray
For news, the manna of the day,
And from the hipp'd diſcourſes gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then ſeek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for ſmall ſums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;

Or drink a joco-ſerious cup
With ſouls who've ta'en their freedom up;
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heav'n to be ſerene;
Pain, hell; and purgatory, Spleen.
Sometimes I dreſs, with women ſit,
And chat away the gloomy fit,
Quit the ſtiff garb of ſerious ſenſe,
And wear a gay impertinence;
Nor think, nor ſpeak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins;
Talk of unuſual ſwell of waiſt
In maid of honour looſely lac'd,
And beauty borrowing Spaniſh red,
And loving pair with ſeparate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loſs of game,
And then redeem'd by loſs of fame;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)

Perceiv'd

Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will. and Mary on the coin:
And thus in modiſh manner we
In aid of ſugar ſweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldeſt heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its ſhrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praiſe.
With ſpeech ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet a mien,
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with ſound, when pleas'd to ſing.
Whate'er you ſay, howe'er you move,
We look, we liſten, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliſs,
Our nerves officious throng to kiſs;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd ſoul, inclin'd to ſport,

Renounces

Renounces wiſdom's ſullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
For who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes ſcintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory ſeems
Encompaſs'd with ſatellite beams.
But when blue eyes, more ſoftly bright,
Diffuſe benignly humid light,
We gaze, and ſee the ſmiling Loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptur'd fix in ſuch a face
Love's mercy-ſeat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its ſnow;
Again fires long-extinguiſh'd glow;
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquefies:
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.
But Oh! what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,

By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at leaſt!
Hence I with care ſuch lotteries ſhun,
Where, a prize miſs'd, I'm quite undone;
And han't, by venturing on a wife,
Yet run the greateſt riſk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair;
Nor lay out ſo much coſt and art
But to deflower the virgin heart;
Of every folly-foſtering bed
By quickening heat of cuſtom bred.
Rather than by your culture ſpoil'd,
Deſiſt, and give us nature wild;
Delighted with a hoyden ſoul,
Which truth and innocence controul.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to ſhun your ſnares have ſkill,
You ſhew ſo plain, you ſtrive to kill.

In love the artleſs catch the game,
And they ſcarce miſs who never aim.
The world's great Author did create
The ſex to fit the nuptial ſtate,
And meant a bleſſing in a wife
To ſolace the fatigues of life;
And old inſpired times diſplay,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of controul,
And houſewife-arts adorn'd the ſoul;
And charms, the gift of nature, ſhone;
And jealouſy, a thing unknown:
Veils were the only maſks they wore;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puiſſance felt at loo:
Wiſe men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their power away:
But left, by frail deſires miſled,
The girls forbidden paths ſhould tread,

Of ignorance rais'd the ſafe high wall;
We ſink haw-haws, that ſhew them all:
Thus we at once ſolicit ſenſe,
And charge them not to break the fence.
Now, if untir'd, conſider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.
I never am at Meeting ſeen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen;
The broken heart, the buſy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.
Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is diſeaſe,
A gypſy diction ſcarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I ſhun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen;
Law, grown a foreſt, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex,
Where its twelve verderers every day
Are changing ſtill the public way;

Yet if we miſs our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur;
And wanderers tire, and tear their ſkin,
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet;
Am loth to lend, or run in debt:
No compter-writs me agitate,
Who moralizing paſs the gate,
And there mine eyes on ſpendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn:
Wiſdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding viſits there;
And forces folly thro' the grate
Her panegyric to repeat:
This view, profuſely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience, join'd with common ſenſe,
To mortals is a providence.

Paſſion, as frequently is ſeen,
Subſiding ſettles into Spleen:

Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party-ſtrife;
A prince's cauſe, a church's claim,
I've known to raiſe a mighty flame,
And prieſt, as ſtoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.
That tribe, whoſe practicals decree
Small-beer the deadlieſt hereſy;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the moſt noted whore alive;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made;
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whoſe gay red-letter'd face
We read good-living more than grace:
Nor they ſo pure, and ſo preciſe,
Immaculate as their white of eyes,
Who for the ſpirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien;

Who their ill-taſted home-brew'd pray'r
To the ſtate's mellow forms prefer;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not ſteep'd in vinegar,
And ſamples of heart-cheſted grace
Expoſe in ſhew-glaſs of the face,
Did never me as yet provoke,
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, becauſe they are in place;
Nor, hir'd to praiſe with ſtallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men;
But to avoid religious jars
The laws are my expoſitors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and ſtate.
I go, purſuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan;

And think it right in common ſenſe
Both for diverſion and defence.
  Reforming ſchemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vaſt deſign:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat
To pull to them the ſhip afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and ſtream contend:
Succeſs herein is ſeldom ſeen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.
  Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His ſkiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd againſt the tide;
He, paddling by the ſcuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd;
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.
  By theſe reflections I repeal
Each haſty promiſe made in zeal.

When general Proclamations ſay,
" We are bound our great light to diſplay,
" And Indian darkneſs drive away,"
Yet none but drunken watchmen ſend,
And ſcoundrel link-boys for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
" Which every chriſtian ſhould be for,"
Yet ſuch as owe the law their ears,
We find employ'd as engineers:
This view my forward zeal ſo ſhocks,
In vain they hold the money-box:
At ſuch a conduct, which intends
By vicious means ſuch virtuous ends,
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
From ſpoiling Indian innocence.
Yet philoſophic love of eaſe
I ſuffer not to prove diſeaſe;
But riſe up in the virtuous cauſe
Of a free preſs, and equal laws.

The preſs reſtrain'd! nefandous thought!
In vain our fires have nobly fought:
While free from force the preſs remains,
Virtue and Freedom chear our plains,
And learning largeſſes beſtows,
And keeps uncenſur'd open houſe.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and ſchemes of art,
And philoſophic goods this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge ſo affords,
Inquiſitors with flaming ſwords
From lay-approach with zeal defend,
Leſt their own paradiſe ſhould end.
The preſs from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
Her offspring, ſkill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monſter Superſtition fled,
And hid in ſhades its Gorgon head;

And lawleſs power, the long-kept field,
By reaſon quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurſe of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treaſon againſt ſenſe;
And Liberty, thy thouſand tongues
None ſilence, who deſign no wrongs;
For thoſe, that uſe the gag's reſtraint,
Firſt rob, before they ſtop complaint.
Since diſappointment galls within,
And ſubjugates the ſoul to Spleen,
Moſt ſchemes, as money-ſnares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait;
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet freſh fools are caſt away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted veſſel runs aground;
Or in deep ſeas it overſets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight firſt embezzled, ſink the ſhip.

Such

Such was of late a corporation,
The brazen ſerpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents diſtreſs'd,
The poor muſt look at to be bleſt,
And thence expect, with paper ſeal'd
By fraud and uſury, to be heal'd.

I in no ſoul-conſumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great;
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the ſpare diet of a ſmile:
There you may ſee the idol ſtand
With mirror in his wanton hand;
Above, below, now here, now there
He throws about the ſunny glare:
Crowds pant, and preſs to ſeize the prize,
The gay deluſion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning ſkill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raiſe and round the figures well,
And ſhew her talent to excel,

I guard my heart, leſt it ſhould woo
Unreal beauties fancy drew,
And diſappointed, feel deſpair
At loſs of things that never were.
When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on æther in the park;
Who e'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expreſſes, votes,
Juſt in the manner ſwallows uſe,
Catching their airy food of news;
Whoſe latrant ſtomachs oft moleſt
The deep-laid plans their dreams ſuggeſt:
Or ſee ſome poet penſive ſit,
Fondly miſtaking Spleen for Wit;
Who, tho' ſhort-winded, ſtill will aim
To ſound the epic trump of Fame;
Who ſtill on Phœbus' ſmiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat;
I bleſs my ſtars, I never knew
Whimſeys, which cloſe purſu'd, undo,

And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
Theſe ſubjects of Apollo's ſtate,
Who from falſe fire derive their fate,
With airy purchaſes undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor loſt one hour to gather bays:
Their fancies firſt delirious grew,
And ſcenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the ſight Parnaſſus lies,
And with falſe proſpects cheats their eyes;
The fabled gods the poets ſing,
A ſeaſon of perpetual ſpring,
Brooks, flowery fields, and groves of trees,
Affording ſweets and ſimiles,
Gay dreams inſpir'd in myrtle bowers,
And wreaths of undecaying flowers,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The ſacred muſic of the Nine,

Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant nitch proud aim,
Raviſh their ſouls, and plainly ſhew
What Fancy's ſketching power can do:
They will attempt the mountain ſteep,
Where on the top, like dreams in ſleep,
The Muſes revelations ſhew,
That find men crack'd, or make them ſo.
You friend, like me, the trade of rhime
Avoid, elaborate waſte of time;
Nor are content to be undone,
To paſs for Phœbus' crazy ſon.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the moſt uncertain gain;
And lotteries never tempt the wiſe
With blanks ſo many to a prize.
I only tranſient viſits pay,
Meeting the Muſes in my way,
Scarce known to the faſtidious dames,
Nor ſkill'd to call them by their names.

Nor can their paſſports in theſe days,
Your profit warrant, or your praiſe.
On poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as ſworn appraiſers, ſit,
And, mere upholſterers, in a trice
On gems and paintings ſet a price.
Theſe tayloring artiſts for our lays
Invent crampt rules, and, with ſtrait ſtays
Striving free Nature's ſhape to hit,
Emaciate ſenſe, before they fit.
A common place, and many friends,
Can ſerve the plagiary's ends;
Whoſe eaſy vamping talent lies,
Firſt wit to pilfer, then diſguiſe.
Thus ſome, devoid of art and ſkill
To ſearch the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aſpire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to ſtay below,
For their own digging ſhew the town
Wit's treaſure brought by others down.

Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artiſt's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baſer metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious maſs a play:
All theſe engage, to ſerve their ends,
A band ſelect of truſty friends,
Who, leſſon'd right, extol the thing,
As Pſapho taught his birds to ſing,
Then to the ladies they ſubmit,
Returning officers on wit;
A crowded houſe their preſence draws,
And on the beaus impoſes laws;
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the pannel are its friends:
Their natures merciful and mild
Have from mere pity ſav'd the child;
In bulruſh ark the bantling found,
Helpleſs and ready to be drown'd,

They

They have preſerv'd by kind ſupport,
And brought the baby-muſe to court.
But there's a youth, that you can name,
Who needs no leading-ſtrings to fame,
Whoſe quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain:
Dreaming of whoſe depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate,
" This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old;
Inſpir'd by me with ſacred art,
He ſings, and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearſe,
We hear the thunder in his verſe;
If he deſcribes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page;
If he fair liberty and law
By ruffian power expiring draw,
The keener paſſions then engage
Aright, and ſanctify their rage;

If he attempt diſaſtrous love,
We hear thoſe plaints that wound the grove,
Within, the kinder paſſions glow,
And tears diſtill'd from pity flow."
From the bright viſion I deſcend,
And my deſerted theme attend.
Me never did ambition ſeize,
Strange fever, moſt inflam'd by eaſe!
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride;
This paradiſe-tree, ſo fair and high,
I view with no aſpiring eye:
Like aſpine ſhake the reſtleſs leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives;
Whence frequent falls give no ſurprize,
But fits of Spleen call'd "growing wiſe."
Greatneſs in glittering forms diſplay'd
Affects weak eyes much us'd to ſhade;
And by its falſly-envy'd ſcene
Gives ſelf-debaſing fits of Spleen.

We ſhould be pleas'd that things are ſo,
Who do for nothing ſee the ſhow,
And, middle-ſiz'd, can paſs between
Life's hubbub ſafe, becauſe unſeen;
And 'midſt the glare of greatneſs trace
A watery ſun-ſhine in the face;
And pleaſures fled to, to redreſs
The ſad fatigue of idleneſs.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a ſtranger to our ſight,
Say, goddeſs, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auſpices impart,
And for thy temple chuſe my heart.
They, whom thou deigneſt to inſpire,
Thy ſcience learn, to bound deſire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleaſure all they find;
They both diſdain an outward mien,
The grave and ſolemn garb of Spleen,

And meretricious arts of dreſs,
To feign a joy, and hide diſtreſs;
Unmov'd when the rude tempeſt blows,
Without an opiate they repoſe;
And cover'd by your ſhield, defy
The whizzing ſhafts, that round them fly:
Nor, meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themſelves with diſtant cares;
But place their bliſs in mental reſt,
And feaſt upon the good poſſeſs'd.

Forc'd by ſoft violence of prayer,
The blythſome goddeſs ſooths my care;
I feel the deity inſpire,
And thus ſhe models my deſire:
Two hundred pounds, half-yearly paid,
Annuity ſecurely made;
A farm ſome twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, ſalubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never ſaw the town,
A ſerving-man not quite a clown;

A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief of temper form'd to pleaſe,
Fit to converſe, and keep the keys;
And better to preſerve the peace,
Commiſſion'd by the name of niece:
With underſtandings of a ſize
To think their maſter very wiſe.
May Heaven (it's all I wiſh for) ſend
One genial room to treat a friend;
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Diſplay benevolence, not ſtate.
And may my humble dwelling ſtand
Upon ſome choſen ſpot of land;
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geeſe may ſwim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where odorous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambroſial air;

From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,
Fenc'd by a ſlope with buſhes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a ſong;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which ſenſe and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which viſion bounds,
Like amphitheatre ſurrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills thro' plains in duſk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here ſtillneſs, height, and ſolemn ſhade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate;
And dreams beneath the ſpreading beech
Inſpire, and docile fancy teach,
While ſoft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulſes ruſtle thro' the mind:

Here Dryads, ſcorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In meaſur'd motions friſk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There ſee the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Freſh paſtures ſpeckled o'er with ſheep,
Brown fields their fallow ſabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden treſſes wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair;
And ſilver ſtreams through meadows ſtray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And leſſer nymphs on ſide of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus ſhelter'd, free from care and ſtrife,
May I enjoy a calm thro' life:
See faction, ſafe in low degree,
As men at land ſee ſtorms at ſea;
And laugh at miſerable elves,
Not kind, ſo much as to themſelves;

Curs'd with ſuch ſouls of baſe alloy,
As can poſſeſs, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleaſure to impart
By avarice, ſphincter of the heart;
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankleſs heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's livery-ſmile,
Prone the diſtreſſed to relieve,
And little treſpaſſes forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And ſkill to make a buſy hour,
With trips to town life to amuſe,
To purchaſe books, and hear the news,
To ſee old friends, bruſh off the clown,
And quicken taſte at coming down,
Unhurt by ſickneſs' blaſting rage,
And ſlowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,

Quit a worn being without pain;
Perhaps to bloſſom ſoon again!
  But now more ſerious ſee me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.
  Th' enthuſiaſt's hopes, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reaſon foil'd;
His ſpringy ſoul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, huſh'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when aſleep;
Then, fond of new diſcoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own;
Diſdains the narrow bounds of place,
And thro' the wilds of endleſs ſpace,
Born up on metaphyſick wings,
Chaſes light forms and ſhadowy things,
And in the vague excurſion caught,
Brings home ſome rare exotick thought.
The melancholy man ſuch dreams,
As brighteſt evidence, eſteems;

Fain would he ſee ſome diſtant ſcene
Suggeſted by his reſtleſs Spleen,
And Fancy's teleſcope applies
With tinctur'd glaſs to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I cloſe examine by the light;
For who, tho' brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare ſun-beam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common ſenſe
On faith's mere hearſay evidence?
That ſuperſtition mayn't create,
And club its ill with thoſe of fate,
I many a notion take to taſk,
Made dreadful by its viſor-maſk;
Thus ſcruple, ſpaſm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find;
Since optic reaſon ſhews me plain,
I dreaded ſpectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Tho' in tenacious childhood ſown.

Thus

Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper ſenſe;
And neither ſuit nor ſervice do,
Nor homage to pretenders ſhew,
Who boaſt themſelves by ſpurious roll
Lords of the manor of the ſoul:
Preferring ſenſe, from chin that's bare,
To nonſenſe thron'd in whiſker'd hair.
To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens! divinely great!—
Hold, Muſe, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor ſtraining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
Thro' fields unknown nor madly ſtray,
Where no ideas mark the way:
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint:
Who features veil'd by light can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, ſit?

My

My ſoul, the vain attempt forego;
Thyſelf, the fitter ſubject, know.
He wiſely ſhuns the bold extreme,
Who ſoon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wiſdom's Sirens caught,
On quickſands ſwallowing ſhipwreck'd thought;
But, conſcious of his diſtance, gives
Mute praiſe, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our ſight,
Immutable and infinite,
Who can't be cruel, or unjuſt,
Calm and reſign'd, I fix my truſt;
To him my paſt and preſent ſtate
I owe, and muſt my future fate.
A ſtranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home;
Tranſported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior ſtate.

Hence

Hence I no anxious thoughts beſtow
On matters, I can never know;
Thro' life's foul way, like vagrant paſs'd,
He'll grant a ſettlement at laſt,
And with ſweet eaſe the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no ſooner loſt but found,
And diſſolution ſoon to come,
Like ſponge, wipes out life's preſent ſum,
But can't our ſtate of power bereave
An endleſs ſeries to receive;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another ſtate,
(And conſciouſneſs muſt go along
And ſign th' acquittance for the wrong)
He for his creatures muſt decree
More happineſs than miſery.

Or be ſuppoſed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cauſe lameneſs halts, or blindneſs errs.
Thus, thus I ſteer my bark, and ſail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reaſon ſit,
My crew of paſſions all ſubmit.
If dark and bluſtering prove ſome nights,
Philoſophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glaſs,
To ſhun the breakers as I paſs,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To ſee what dangers may be hid:
And once in ſeven years I'm ſeen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen;
Tho' pleas'd to ſee the dolphins play,
I mind my compaſs and my way;

With ſtore ſufficient for relief,
And wiſely ſtill prepar'd to reef;
Nor wanting the diſperſive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the ſoul,
I make (may Heaven propitious ſend
Such wind and weather to the end!)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

BY DRYDEN.

Now turning from the wintry ſigns, the ſun
His courſe exalted thro' the Ram had run,
And, whirling up the ſkies, his chariot drove
Thro' Taurus, and the lightſome realms of love;
Where Venus from her orb deſcends in ſhowers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers;
When firſt the tender blades of graſs appear,
And buds, that yet the blaſt of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year;
Till gentle heat, and ſoft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins;
Then, at their call, embolden'd out they come,
And ſwell the gems, and burſt the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet their blooms diſplay,
Salute the welcome ſun, and entertain the day.

Then

Then from their breathing ſouls the ſweets repair
To ſcent the ſkies, and purge th' unwholſome air:
Joy ſpreads the heart, and, with a general ſong,
Spring iſſues out, and leads the jolly months along.

In that ſweet ſeaſon, as in bed I lay,
And ſought in ſleep to paſs the night away,
I turn'd my wearied ſide, but ſtill in vain,
Tho' full of youthful health and void of pain:
Cares I had none, to keep me from my reſt,
For love had never enter'd in my breaſt;
I wanted nothing fortune could ſupply,
Nor did ſhe ſlumber till that hour deny:
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dried away the balmy dew;
Seas would be pools, without the bruſhing air,
To curl the waves; and ſure ſome little care
Should weary nature ſo, to make her want repair.

When Chanticleer the ſecond watch had ſung,
Scorning the ſcorner ſleep, from bed I ſprung;

And

And dreſſing, by the moon, in looſe array,
Paſs'd out in open air, preventing day,
And ſought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order ſtood
Of oaks unſhorn a venerable wood;
Freſh was the graſs beneath, and every tree,
At diſtance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal ſpace
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace;
And the new leaves on every bough were ſeen,
Some ruddy colour'd, ſome of lighter green:
The painted birds, companions of the ſpring,
Hopping from ſpray to ſpray, were heard to ſing:
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting muſic, and a charming ſight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole deſire;
And liſten'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to ſing;
And wanted yet an omen to the ſpring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which thro' a path, but ſcarcely printed, lay;
In narrow mazes oft it ſeem'd to meet,
And look'd, as lightly preſs'd by fairy feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for ſtill methought
To ſome ſtrange end ſo ſtrange a path was wrought:
At laſt it led me where an arbour ſtood,
The ſacred receptacle of the wood:
This place unmark'd, tho' oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progreſs I had never ſeen:
And ſeiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the tranſporting ſight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be ſeen,
The thick young graſs aroſe in freſher green:
The mound was newly made, no ſight could paſs
Betwixt the nice partitions of the graſs;
The well-united ſods ſo cloſely lay;
And all around the ſhades defended it from day:
For ſycamores with eglantine were ſpread,
A hedge about the ſides, a covering over head.

And ſo the fragrant brier was wove between,
The ſycamore and flowers were mixt with green,
That nature ſeem'd to vary the delight;
And ſatisfy'd at once the ſmell and ſight.
The maſter workman of the bower was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with ſuch proportion drew,
They roſe by meaſure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell;
For none but hands divine could work ſo well.
Both roof and ſides were like a parlour made,
A ſoft receſs, and a cool ſummer ſhade;
The hedge was ſet ſo thick, no foreign eye
The perſons plac'd within it could eſpy;
But all that paſs'd without with eaſe was ſeen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between:
'Twas border'd with a field; and ſome was plain
With graſs, and ſome was ſow'd with riſing grain:
That, now the dew with ſpangles deck'd the ground,
A ſweeter ſpot of earth was never found.

I look'd and look'd, and ſtill with new delight;
Such joy my ſoul, ſuch pleaſures fill'd my ſight;
And the freſh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whoſe odours were of power to raiſe from death.
Nor ſullen diſcontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled, as from their mortal foe,
For this ſweet place could only pleaſure know.
Thus as I mus'd I caſt aſide my eye,
And ſaw a medlar-tree was planted nigh:
The ſpreading branches made a goodly ſhow,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I ſaw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from ſide to ſide,
Still pecking as ſhe paſs'd; and ſtill ſhe drew
The ſweets from every flower, and ſuck'd the dew:
Suffic'd at length, ſhe warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note;
But indiſtinct, and neither ſweet nor clear,
Yet ſuch as ſooth'd my ſoul, and pleas'd my ear.

Her ſhort performance was no ſooner try'd,
When ſhe I ſought, the nightingale, reply'd:
So ſweet, ſo ſhrill, ſo variouſly ſhe ſung,
That the grove echo'd, and the valleys rung:
And I ſo raviſh'd with her heavenly note,
I ſtood entranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But all o'er-power'd with ecſtaſy of bliſs,
Was in a pleaſing dream of paradiſe;
At length I wak'd, and looking round the bow'r
Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower,
If any where by chance I might eſpy
The rural poet of the melody;
For ſtill methought ſhe ſung not far away;
At laſt I found her on a laurel ſpray:
Cloſe by my ſide ſhe ſat, and fair in ſight,
Full in a line, againſt her oppoſite;
Where ſtood with eglantine the laurel twin'd,
And both their native ſweets were well conjoin'd.
On the green bank I ſat, and liſten'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the ſong:)

Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wiſh'd to dwell for ever in the grove;
Only methought the time too ſwiftly paſs'd,
And every note I fear'd would be the laſt:
My ſight and ſmell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three ſenſes in full guſt enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the reſt ſurpaſs,
The ſweet poſſeſſion of the fairy place;
Single, and conſcious to myſelf alone
Of pleaſures to the excluded world unknown:
Pleaſures which no where elſe were to be found,
And all Elyſium in a ſpot of ground.
Thus while I ſat intent to ſee and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All ſuddenly I heard the approaching ſound
Of vocal muſic, on the enchanted ground:
An hoſt of ſaints it ſeem'd, ſo full the quire;
As if the bleſs'd above did all conſpire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.

At length there iſſued from the grove behind
A fair aſſembly of the female kind:
A train leſs fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the ſons of heaven to rebel.
I paſs their form, and every charming grace;
Leſs than an angel would their worth debaſe:
But their attire, like liveries of a kind,
All rich and rare, is freſh within my mind.
In velvet white as ſnow the troop was gown'd,
The ſeams with ſparkling emeralds ſet around:
Their hoods and ſleeves the ſame; and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the ſhining ſtore
Of Eaſtern pomp: their long deſcending train,
With rubies edg'd, and ſaphires, ſwept the plain:
High on their heads, with jewels richly ſet,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd;
Of laurel ſome, of woodbine many more;
And wreaths of Agnus-caſtus others bore;

Theſe laſt, who with thoſe virgin crowns were dreſs'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the reſt:
They danc'd around; but in the midſt was ſeen
A lady of a more majeſtic mien;
By ſtature and by beauty mark'd their ſovereign queen.
She in the midſt began with ſober grace;
Her ſervants' eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And, as ſhe mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her meaſures kept, and ſtep by ſtep purſued.
Methought ſhe trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead ſhining in her face;
And as in beauty ſhe ſurpaſs'd the quire,
So, nobler than the reſt, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a ſhow:
A branch of Agnus-caſtus in her hand
She bore aloft (her ſceptre of command;)
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For whereſoe'er ſhe turn'd her face, they bow'd:

And, as ſhe danc'd, a roundelay ſhe ſung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and ſung ſo clear,
The fawns came ſcudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending foreſt lent an ear.
At every cloſe ſhe made, the attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burden of the ſong:
So juſt, ſo ſmall, yet in ſo ſweet a note,
It ſeem'd the muſic melted in the throat.

Thus dancing on, and ſinging as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the ſecret ſhade.
O'erjoy'd to ſee the jolly troop ſo near,
But ſomewhat aw'd, I ſhook with holy fear;
Yet not ſo much but that I noted well
Who did the moſt in ſong or dance excel.

Not long I had obſerv'd, when from afar
I heard a ſudden ſymphony of war;

The neighing courſers, and the ſoldiers cry,
And ſounding trumps that ſeem'd to tear the ſky:
I ſaw ſoon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come iſſuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain;
On barbed ſteeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When ſwarming o'er the duſky fields they fly,
New to the flowers, and intercept the ſky:
So fierce they drove, their courſers were ſo fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
To tell their coſtly furniture were long,
The ſummer's day would end before the ſong:
To purchaſe but the tenth of all their ſtore
Would make the mighty Perſian monarch poor:
Yet what I can, I will:—Before the reſt
The trumpets iſſued, in white mantles dreſs'd:

A numerous

A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial-oak were crown'd,
And at each trumpet was a banner bound;
Which waving in the wind diſplay'd at large
Their maſter's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
Broad were the banners, and of ſnowy hue,
A purer web the ſilk-worm never drew.
The chief about their necks the ſcutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was ſet about with many a coſtly ſtone.
Next theſe, of kings at arms a goodly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:
Their cloaks were cloth of ſilver mix'd with gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd:
Rich crowns were on their royal ſcutcheons plac'd,
With ſapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd:
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So theſe in habits were alike array'd;

But with a pace more ſober, and more ſlow;
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a row.
The purſuivants came next, in number more;
And like the heralds each his ſcutcheon bore:
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.

Nine royal knights in equal rank ſucceed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery ſteed:
In golden armour glorious to behold;
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their ſurcoats of white ermine fur were made,
With cloth of gold between, that caſt a glittering ſhade;
The trappings of their ſteeds were of the ſame;
The golden fringe ev'n ſet the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.

Three henchmen were for every knight aſſign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind;
White velvet, but unſhorn, for cloaks they wore;
And each within his hand a truncheon bore:

The foremoſt held a helm of rare device;
A prince's ranſom would not pay the price.
The ſecond bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel-wood a ſpear upright,
Headed with piercing ſteel, and poliſh'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was ſeen,
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green.
And after theſe came arm'd with ſpear and ſhield
An hoſt ſo great, as cover'd all the field:
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels ever-green were ſhaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of laſting kind,
Tenacious of the ſtem, and firm againſt the wind.
Some in their hands, beſide the lance and ſhield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their myſtic emblems took,
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial-oak.
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty ſound
Drawn in two lines adverſe they wheel'd around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.

Among

Among themſelves the tourney they divide,
In equal ſquadrons rang'd on either ſide:
Then turn'd their horſes' heads, and man to man,
And ſteed to ſteed oppos'd, the juſts began.
They lightly ſet their lances in the reſt,
And, at the ſign, againſt each other preſs'd:
They met. I ſitting at my eaſe beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their ſpears, ſome tumbled horſe and man,
And round the field the lighten'd courſers ran.
An hour and more, like tides, in equal ſway
They ruſh'd, and won by turns, and loſt the day:
At length the nine (who ſtill together held)
Their fainting foes to ſhameful flight compell'd,
And with reſiſtleſs force o'er-ran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finiſh'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty ſteeds alight:
Like them diſmounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:

'Till

'Till to the fair aſſembly they advanc'd,
Who near the ſecret arbour ſung and danc'd.
The ladies left their meaſures at the ſight,
To meet the chiefs, returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her choſen knight.
Amid the plain a ſpreading laurel ſtood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleaſing ſhade they ſought, a ſoft retreat
From ſudden April ſhowers, a ſhelter from the heat:
Her leafy arms with ſuch extent were ſpread,
So near the clouds was her aſpiring head,
That hoſts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:
And flocks of ſheep beneath the ſhade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintery war;
From heaven's inclemency here find retreat,
Enjoy the cool, and ſhun the ſcorching heat:
A hundred knights might there at eaſe abide;
And every knight a lady by his ſide:

The trunk itſelf ſuch odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to theſe was common breath.
The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeiſance made;
And ſeem'd to venerate the ſacred ſhade.
Theſe rites perform'd, their pleaſures they purſue,
With ſongs of love, and mix with pleaſures new;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his choſen dame.
I caſt my ſight upon the farther field,
And a freſh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the Weſt I heard
New muſic ſound, and a new troop appear'd,
Of knights and ladies mix'd, a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand;
The ladies dreſs'd in rich ſymars were ſeen
Of Florence ſattin, flower'd with white and green,
And for a ſhade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row;

And every damſel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland, blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were ſeen,
That gratify'd the view with chearful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies colours were,
Compos'd of white and red, to ſhade their ſhining hair.
Before the merry troop the minſtrels play'd;
All in their maſter's liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their inſtruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and ſome for breathing wind:
The ſawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noiſy band,
And the ſoft lute, trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daiſies on a flowery lay
They ſaw, and thitherward they bent their way;
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeiſance to the daiſy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady ſung a virelay:

And ſtill at every cloſe ſhe would repeat
The burden of the ſong, " The daiſy is ſo ſweet."
" The daiſy is ſo ſweet," when ſhe begun,
The troop of knights and dames continued on:
The concert and the voice ſo charm'd my ear,
And ſooth'd my ſoul, that it was heaven to hear.
But ſoon their pleaſure paſs'd: at noon of day
The ſun with ſultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius ſhoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poiſonous breath he blaſts the ſky:
Then droop'd the fading flowers (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their ſickly eyes, and hung the head;
And rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gaſp'd, and ſcarcely could reſpire;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire;
The fainty knights were ſcorch'd; and knew not where
To run for ſhelter, for no ſhade was near;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour'd down a ſtorm of rattling hail and rain:

And lightening flaſh'd betwixt: the field, and flowers,
Burnt up before, were buried in the ſhowers.
The ladies and the knights, no ſhelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintery ſky,
Were dropping wet, diſconſolate and wan,
And thro' their thin array receiv'd the rain;
While thoſe in white, protected by the tree,
Saw paſs in vain the aſſault, and ſtood from danger free.
But as compaſſion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the ſtorm, and ſilent were the winds,
Diſpleas'd at what, not ſuffering, they had ſeen,
They went to chear the faction of the green:
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace,
And with behaviour ſweet, their foes embrace.
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
Fair ſiſter, I have ſuffer'd in your woe;
Nor ſhall be wanting aught within my power
For your relief in my refreſhing bower.

That other anſwer'd with a lowly look,
And ſoon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at eaſe both ſhe and all her train
The ſcorching ſun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courteſy was us'd by all in white,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and every knight a knight.
The laurel champions with their ſwords invade
The neighbouring foreſts where the juſts were made,
And ſerewood from the rotten hedges took,
And ſeeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A chearful blaze aroſe, and by the fire
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their wet attire.
Refreſh'd with heat, the ladies ſought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground,
They ſqueez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made,
Which on their ſun-burnt cheeks, and their chapt ſkins they laid:
Then ſought green ſalads, which they bade them eat,
A ſovereign remedy for inward heat.

The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feaſt,
And made the lady of the flower her gueſt:
When lo, a bower aſcended on the plain,
With ſudden ſeats ordain'd, and large for either train.
This bower was near my pleaſant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and ſee whatever paſs'd:
The ladies ſat with each a knight between,
Diſtinguiſh'd by their colours, white and green;
The vanquiſh'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the mind.
Mean time the minſtrels play'd on either ſide,
Vain of their art, and for the maſtery vy'd.
The ſweet contention laſted for an hour,
And reach'd my ſecret arbour from the bower.
The ſun was ſet; and Veſper, to ſupply
His abſent beams, had lighted up the ſky;
When Philomel, officious all the day
To ſing the ſervice of th' enſuing May,
Fled from her laurel ſhade, and wing'd her flight,
Directly to the queen array'd in white:

And hopping ſat familiar on her hand,
A new muſician, and increas'd the band.
The goldfinch, who, to ſhun the ſcalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a ſafer ſeat,
And hid in buſhes 'ſcap'd the bitter ſhower,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the flower;
And either ſongſter, holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes:
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to ſing by night.
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by ſtar-light and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen
Supply'd with ſteeds the lady of the green;
Her and her train conducting on the way,
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.
This when I ſaw, inquiſitive to know
The ſecret moral of the myſtique ſhow,
I ſtarted from my ſhade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to ſatisfy my longing mind:

And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and ſoftly pac'd along,
Repeating to herſelf the former ſong.
With due reſpect my body I inclin'd,
As to ſome being of ſuperior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wiſhing her queen and her a happy May.
Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow
She ſaid; and I, who much deſir'd to know
Of whence ſhe was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to ſpeak:
Madam, might I preſume, and not offend,
So may the ſtars and ſhining moon attend
Your nightly ſports, as you vouchſafe to tell,
What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
And what the knights who fought in liſted fields ſo well.
To this the dame reply'd: Fair daughter, know,
That what you ſaw was all a fairy ſhow:

And all thoſe airy ſhapes you now behold,
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly mold;
Our ſouls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
'Till doomſday wander in the ſhades of night;
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in ſun-ſhine may appear:
With ſongs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours uſher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And poſting thro' the ſkies purſue the moon:
But when the morn ariſes, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before, and laſhes into night.
All courteous are by kind; and ever proud,
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger ſpace
Than what is known to you of mortal race:
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
And even this grove, unſeen before, is ours.

Know farther; every lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are ſervants to the leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myſelf am one.
Saw you not her ſo graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold?
The ſovereign lady of our land is ſhe,
Diana call'd, the Queen of chaſtity:
And, for the ſpotleſs name of maid ſhe bears,
That Agnus-caſtus in her hand appears;
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd;
But thoſe the chief, and higheſt in command,
Who bear thoſe holy branches in their hand:
The knights, adorn'd with laurel crowns, are they
Whom death nor danger ever could diſmay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey:
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held.

But

But thoſe, who wear the woodbine on their brow,
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears and fickle chance, and jealouſy:
The lords and ladies who the woodbine bear,
As true as Triſtram and Iſotta were.

But what are thoſe, ſaid I, th' unconquer'd nine,
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden armour ſhine?
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dreſs'd with daiſies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worſhip diſagree,
And ſome adore the flower, and ſome the tree?

Juſt is your ſuit, fair daughter, ſaid the dame:
Thoſe laurell'd chiefs were men of mighty fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd, of different rites,
Three jews, three pagans, and three chriſtian knights.
Theſe, as you ſee, ride foremoſt in the field,
As they the foremoſt rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd:

Their

Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that ſtill renew;
For deathleſs laurel is the victor's due:
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemain:
For bows the ſtrength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour, and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their ſtate:
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince:
Unchang'd by fortune, to their ſovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
Theſe, of the garter call'd, of faith unſtain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were firſt by Cæſar worn;
And ſtill they Cæſar's ſucceſſors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth than all the world can buy.

One doubt remains, ſaid I: the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen?
Flora commands, ſaid ſhe, thoſe nymphs and knights,
Who liv'd in ſlothful eaſe and looſe delights;
Who never acts of honour durſt purſue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue:
Who nurs'd in idleneſs, and train'd in courts,
Paſs'd all their precious hours in plays and ſports,
'Till death behind came ſtalking on, unſeen,
And wither'd (like the ſtorm) the freſhneſs of their green.
Theſe, and their mates, enjoy their preſent hour,
And therefore pay their homage to the flower.
But knights in knightly deeds ſhould perſevere,
And ſtill continue what at firſt they were;
Continue, and proceed in honour's fair carreer.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they ſhould urge their way.
For this with golden ſpurs the chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed rowels arm'd, to mend their haſte;

For this with laſting leaves their brows are bound;
For laurel is the ſign of labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blaſt, nor ſhaken falls to ground:
From winter winds it ſuffers no decay,
For ever freſh and fair, and every month is May:
Ev'n when the vital ſap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in ſnow;
The life is in the leaf, and ſtill between
The fits of falling ſnow appears the ſtreaky green.
Not ſo the flower; which laſts for little ſpace,
A ſhort-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble ſtem is driven,
Weak to ſuſtain the ſtorms, and injuries of heaven.
Propp'd by the ſpring it lifts aloft the head,
But of a fickly beauty, ſoon to ſhed;
In ſummer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleaſure made,
Shoot up with ſwift increaſe, and ſudden are decay'd.

With

With humble words, the wiſeſt I could frame,
And proffer'd ſervice, I repaid the dame;
That, of her grace, ſhe gave her maid to know
The ſecret meaning of this moral ſhow.
And ſhe, to prove what profit I had made
Of myſtic truth, in fables firſt convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the leaf or flower I would obey?
I choſe the leaf; ſhe ſmil'd with ſober chear,
And wiſh'd me fair adventure for the year;
And gave me charms and ſigils, for defence
Againſt ill tongues, that ſcandal innocence:
But I, ſaid ſhe, my fellows muſt purſue,
Already paſt the plain, and out of view.
We parted thus; I homeward ſped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
Then late, refreſh'd with ſleep, I roſe to write
The viſionary vigils of the night:

Bluſh,

Bluſh, as thou may'ſt, my little book, with ſhame,
Nor hope with homely verſe to purchaſe fame;
For ſuch thy Maker choſe; and ſo deſign'd
Thy ſimple ſtile to ſuit thy lowly kind.

ODE

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

'Twas at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound;
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd:)
The lovely Thais, by his ſide,
Sat like a blooming Eaſtern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deſerves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd;
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign of the world.

The liſtening crowd admire the lofty ſound
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;

Fluſh'd

Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
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IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew
the ſlain.

The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deſerted, at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With down-caſt looks the joyleſs victor ſat,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred-ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

CHORUS.

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Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe:
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:

Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,

And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
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She drew an angel down.

L'ALLEGRO.

BY MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
  Where brooding Darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven ſings;
  There under ebon ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
  As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphroſyne,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or

Or whether (as ſome ſages ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides;
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;

And,

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the ſkies,
'Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come, in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before:
Oft liſtening, how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumbering morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:

Some time walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight,
While the plough-man near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the landſkip round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes:
Hard by, a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bower ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind the ſheaves;
Or, if the earlier ſeaſon lead,
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;

And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he, by friar's lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin ſweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,
And cropful out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his mattin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.

Towered cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk and antique pageantry;
Such ſights as youthful poets dream,
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Jonſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever againſt eating cares
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs;

Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of Harmony;
That Orpheus' ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber, on a bed
Of heapt Elyſian flowers, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
  Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams,
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy!
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight,
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid Wiſdom's hue;

Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauty's praiſe above
The ſea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended;
Thee bright hair'd Veſta, long of yore,
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn:

Come,

Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes;
There, held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar ſing;
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure:
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation:
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,

In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-ſong:
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the heaven's wide pathleſs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off Curfew ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar.

Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tower;
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.

But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes as, warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did ſeek:
Or call up him that left half-told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wonderous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught elſe great bards beſide

In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as ſhe was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved ſtroke

Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream,
Wave at his wings in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid;
And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or the unſeen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſter's pale,

And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit, and rightly ſpell
Of every ſtar that heaven doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew;
'Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

DIRGE

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

BY MR. W. COLLINS.

To fair FIDELE's graſſy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.

The

The red-breaſt oft, at evening hours,
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
  In tempeſts ſhake thy ſylvan cell,
Or 'midſt the chace on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell;

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
  For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
  And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead.

ODE

ODE

ON THE PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

BY MR. GRAY.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her HENRY's * holy Shade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights the expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way.

---

* King HENRY the Sixth, Founder of the College.

Ah

Ah happy hills, ah pleaſing ſhade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race
Diſporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While

While ſome, on earneſt buſineſs bent,
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Theirs buxom health of roſy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas,

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet ſee, how all around them wait
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand,
To ſeize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury Paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame, that ſkulks behind;
Or pining Love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy:
The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To

To each his ſufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why ſhould they know their fate?
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies:
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe;
No more—where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

BY THE SAME.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs Power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy Sire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learnt to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe; and with them go
The ſummer-friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Juſtice, to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread Goddeſs, lay thy chaſtening hand!

Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, Oh Goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart:
The generous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are to feel; and know myſelf a man.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

BY THE SAME.

Lo! where the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſpering pleaſure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,

Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repoſe:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun.

To Contemplation's ſober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Buſy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours dreſt:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in duſt to reſt.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The ſportive kind reply:
Poor moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone——
We frolic, while 'tis May.

ODE ON THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2. Oh

I. 2.

Oh! ſovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions, hear thy ſoft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirſty lance at thy command:
Perching on the ſcepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The roſy-crowned Loves are ſeen
On Cytherea's day

With

With antic ſports, and blue-eyed Pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To briſk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er ſhe turns the Graces homage pay;
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
The bloom of young Deſire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.

Say,

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her ſpectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky:
'Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glittering ſhafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the ſolar road,
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muſe has broke the twilight-gloom
To chear the ſhivering native's dull abode:
And oft, beneath the odorous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat,
In looſe numbers wildly ſweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs, and duſky Loves:
Her track, where'er the goddeſs roves,
Glory purſue, and generous ſhame,
The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3. Woods,

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep,
Iſles, that crown the Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echos languiſh,
Mute, but to the voice of anguiſh!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around,
Every ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound;
Till the ſad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnaſſus for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains;
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, oh Albion! next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's * Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he †, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of extaſy,
The ſecrets of the abyſs to ſpy.
He paſs'd the flaming bounds of place and time:

---

* SHAKESPEARE. † MILTON.

The

The living throne, the ſaphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He ſaw; but blaſted with exceſs of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where DRYDEN's leſs preſumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-reſounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far!—but far above the Great.

LYCIDAS:

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HIS FRIEND.

BY MILTON.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſere,
I come to pluck your berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:
For LYCIDAS is dead! dead ere his prime,
Young LYCIDAS, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for LYCIDAS? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty rhime.
He muſt not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.

Begin

Begin then, Siſters of the ſacred well,
That from beneath the ſeat of Jove doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd urn,
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhroud:
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame hill,
Fed the ſame flock by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her ſultry horn;
Battening our flocks with the freſh dews of night,
Oft till the ſtar, that roſe, at evening, bright,
Toward Heaven's deſcent had ſlop'd his weſtering wheel.
Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel

From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our ſong.

But Oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and deſart caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy ſoft lays.
As killing as the canker to the roſe,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or froſt to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the white-thorn blows;
Such, LYCIDAS, thy loſs to ſhepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd LYCIDAS?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,

Nor

Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wizard ſtream:
Ay me! I fondly dream
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muſe herſelf that Orpheus bore,
The Muſe herſelf for her enchanting ſon,
Whom univerſal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift Hebrus to the Leſbian ſhore?
Alas! what boots it with inceſſant care
To tend the homely ſlighted ſhepherd's trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe?
Were it not better done, as others uſe,
To ſport with Amaryllis in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpirit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin-ſpun life. " But not the praiſe,"
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
" Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſtering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfect witneſs of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuſe, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-ſliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And liſtens to the herald of the ſea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He aſk'd the waves, and aſk'd the felon winds,
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle ſwain?

And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his ſtory;
And ſage Hippotades their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend ſire, went footing ſlow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two maſſy keys he bore, of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron ſhuts amain)

He ſhook his mitred locks, and ſtern beſpake,
" How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Enow of ſuch as for their bellies' ſake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearer's feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped;
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel pipes of wretched ſtraw;
The hungry ſheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoln with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſaid,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more."

Return,

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; return, Sicilian Muſe,
And call the vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their bells, and flowrets of a thouſand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whiſpers uſe
Of ſhades, and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart ſtar ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers:
Bring the rathe primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeſſamine,
The white pink, and the panſy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty ſhed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,

To ſtrew the laureat hearſe where LYCID lies:
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ay me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding ſeas
Waſh far away; where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great viſion of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapleſs youth.

Weep no more, woeful ſhepherds, weep no more,
For LYCIDAS your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-ſpangled ore

Flames

Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky:
So LYCIDAS ſunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other ſtreams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial ſong,
In the bleſt kingdoms meek of joy and love;
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In ſolemn troops, and ſweet ſocieties,
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, LYCIDAS, the ſhepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompence, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus ſang the uncouth ſwain to the oaks and rills;
While the ſtill morn went out with ſandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:

And

And now the ſun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the weſtern bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to freſh woods, and paſtures new.

THE END.

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